

The Tragedie of Hamlet

My Liege and Madam, to expostulate
What maiestie should be, what dutie is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time,
Therefore breuitie is the soule of wit,
And tediousnesse the limmes and outward flourishess:
I will be brieft your noble sonne is mad:
Mad call I it, for to define true madnesse,
What ist but to be nothing else but mad?
But let that goe.

Quee. More matter with lesse art.

Pol. Madam, I sweare I vse no art at all,
That he's mad tis true, tis true, tis pittie,
And pittie tis, tis true, a foolish figure,
But farewell it, for I will vse no art,
Mad let vs grant him then, and now remaines
That we find out the cause of this effect,
Or rather say the cause of this defect
For this effect defectiue comes by cause:
Thus it remaines and the remainder thus
Perpend,

I haue a daughter, haue while she is mine,
Who in her dutie and obedience, marke,
Hath giuen me this, now gather and surmise,

*To the Celestiall and my soules Idoll the most beautified
Ophelia, that's an ill phrase, a vile phrase, beauti-
fied is a vile phrase, but you shall heare: thus in her
excellent white bosome, these are.*

Quee. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good Madam stay awile, I will be faithfull,
Doubt thou the stars are fire, Letter.
Doubt that the Sunne doth moue,
Doubt truth to be a lyer,
But neuer doubt I loue.

O deere Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers, I haue not art to
reckon my groanes, but that I loue thee best, oh most best be-
leeue it! adiew. Thine euermore most deare Ladie, whilst this
machine is to him.

Pol. This in obedience hath my daughter shew me (*Hamlet.*)
And more about hath his sollicitings

Prince of Denmarke.

As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All giuen to mine eare.

King. But how hath she receiu'd his loue?

Pol. What doe you thinke of me?

King. As of a man faithfull and honourable.

Pol. I would faine proue so, but what might you thinke
When I had seene this hot loue on the wing?

As I perceiu'd it (I must tell you that)
Before my daughter told me, what might you,
Or my deare Maiestie your Queene heere thinke,
If I had plaid the Deske, or Table-booke,
Or giuen my heart a working mute and dumbe,
Or lookt vpon this loue with idle sight,
What might you thinke? no, I went round to worke,
And my yeung Mistresse this I did bespeake,
Lord Hamlet is a Prince out of thy starre,
This must not be: and then I prescripts gaue her
That she should locke her selfe from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receiue no tokens.
Which done she tooke the fruits of my aduise,
And he repel'd, a short tale to make,
Fell into a sadnesse, then into a fast,
Thence to a watch, thence into a weaknesse,
Thence to lightnesse, and by this declension,
Into the madnesse wherein now he raues,
And all we mourne for.

King. Doe you thinke this?

Quee. It may be very like.

Pol. Hath there beene such a time, I would faine know that,
That I haue positiuely said, tis so,
When it prou'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this, from this, if this be otherwise;
If circumstances leade me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the Centre.

King. How may we trie it further?

Pol. You know sometimes he walkes foure houres together
Heere in the Lobbie.